

## **J-Wall**

### **"Ms Platonic"**

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Hehe  
Yeah yeah yeah  
Reminisce last year about Keisy, remember her?  
Came to my crib lookin for some platonic friendship  
Gave me the blue balls  
Askin me for beats and shit  
Now she's sayin I can't get the draws off  
Unless I spend some cash at the mall?!  
Haha  
Biaaaatch!  
Okay  
Let's go shoppin

(Okay, no more Mr. Nice Guy)

[ VERSE 1: J-Zone ]

Last year, Kizzy with the d-cup bra  
Gave me blue balls, time for me to get raw  
I hear around town she still wants to be friends  
And if I pay I might hit it - I'm thinkin revenge  
Cause she left me all swoll in the balls  
Workin my wrist to Lucy Liu flicks and punchin holes in  
the walls  
But Kizzy don't know I got plans  
She gotta pay for all the times she left me usin my  
hands  
Figure I coul't take her to the motel  
In the Poconos to bone after I spend a little ends  
I gotta trick for sex to get this plan off  
I gotta get a nut, and the kind that's hands off  
Pick her up at 3 to go trick at the mall  
Spent a little cash, kept receipts for it all  
She thinkin I'm rich, dumb bitch, my shit ain't even  
barcoded  
She's gold-diggin too hard to notice  
(Let me have \$50 for a brand new dress)  
Haha baby, no doubt, cause I'm finna tear your back  
out  
Callin me a trick, I ain't tryin to go that route  
Shit gets returned after she gets burned  
I buy her the dress but soon she'll learn

(And I'm not givin this to you because I like you or  
anything like that  
It's just that...)

[ HOOK: J-Zone ]  
Last year you gave me blue balls  
Bein a platonic friend  
(Sing that song)  
Now you think I'm crazy paid  
So you wanna give me the skins  
(Sing that song)  
Spend my dough for nothin  
You must be smokin crack  
(At the top of your lungs)  
Of course I'll buy the bracelet  
But after I hit it I'm takin it back  
(Biatch)

[ VERSE 2: J-Zone ]  
I remember when I spent no loot, she ignored me  
But now the cash register sound keeps her horny  
(I promise ya, you'll just stick with me  
And you're gonna drippin in mink and jewelery)  
But I hate gold-diggers, I'ma slay her then play her  
I'll have this chick screamin (Fuck you, you bastard)  
and I'll lay her  
But there's a slight chance she might not bone?  
Dog, she's a 100 miles away, how the fuck is she gettin  
home?  
Oh-hahaha...  
(Are you ready to take your panties off?  
That's right, take off all your clothes  
Good, he)  
(Biatch)  
Now I hit her ( ? ) (Who's pussy is this?)  
Irony seein Ms. Platonic down on ( ? ) knees  
I had to pause, dog, you shoulda peeped my grill  
Laughin and passin out the sleepin pills  
Gased cause she thinkin that I'm about to pay her  
Frontin-ass bitch is knocked out an hour later  
Gather up the gear I just bought with the receipts and  
the tags  
Even took the new shoes off her feet and her bag  
Think I would pay to get the ass like a idiot?  
I went back to Macy's and returned every bit of it  
Lettin me jerk it off last year with some friendship  
And only wanna bone when I spend shit  
100 miles away, I'm at the crib screenin my calls  
She blowin up the voice mail (Stunt, call a taxi!)  
Laugh when I think of last year when the fish wasn't

bitin  
Now the bitch is hitch-hikin

(I wish someone would tell me what I've done to  
deserve this)

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